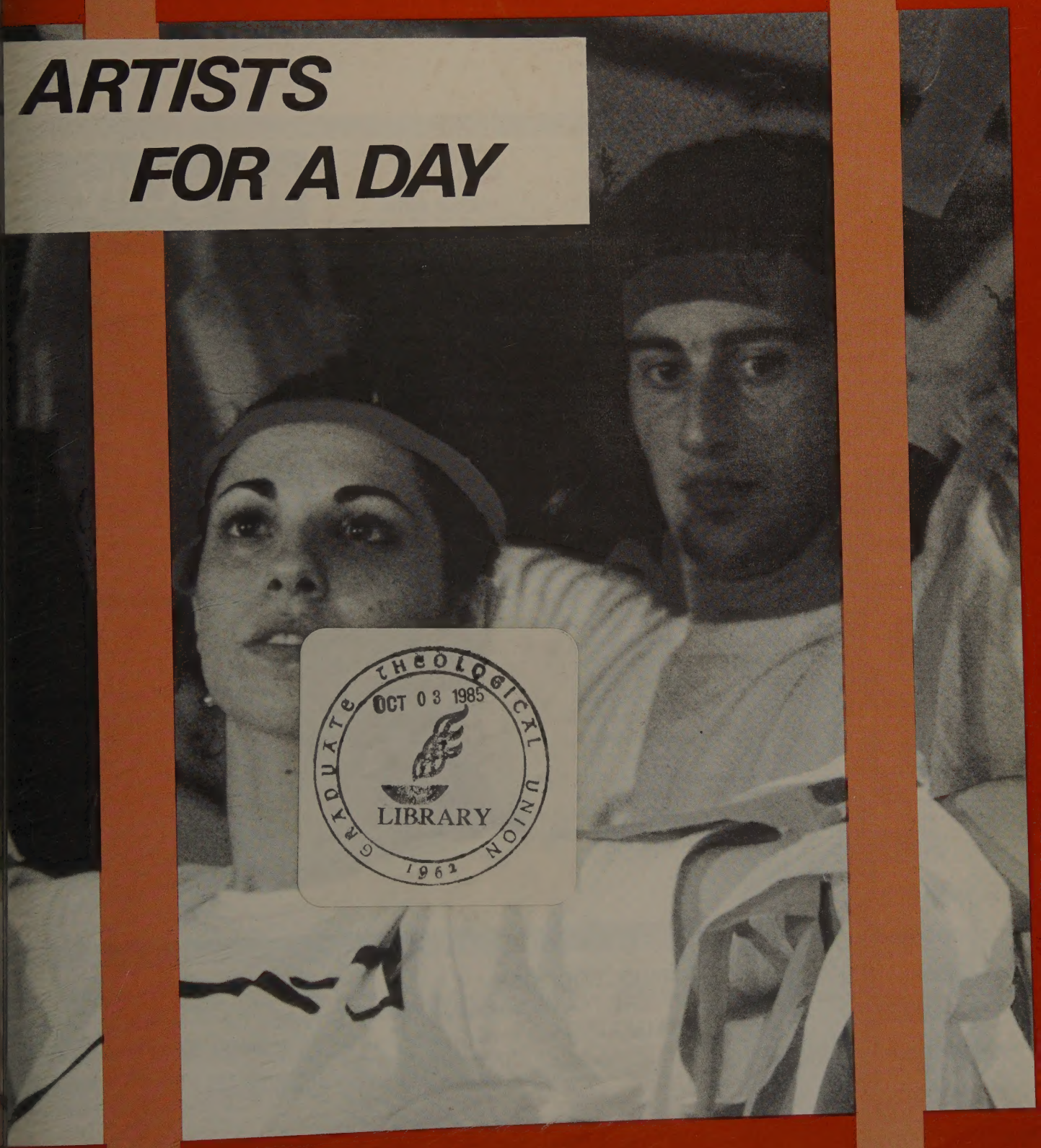
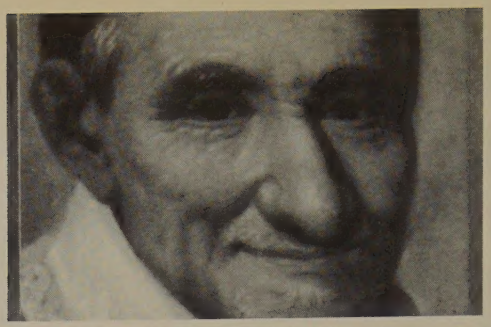
ivingCity 10 1985
VOLUME 24
OCTOBER
$1.25

ARTISTS FOR A DAY



GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION
OCT 03 1985
LIBRARY
1962

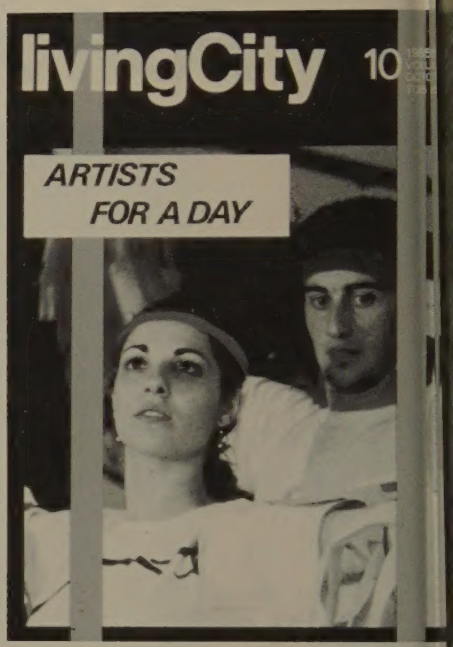
livingCity
10 1985 VOLUME 24 OCTOBER



2 *UNITY AND THE SAINTS: Our series continues with the third installment on the Christian concept of unity as it has been emphasized throughout the ages by Saints and Founders of different religious orders.*

5 *ARTISTS FOR A DAY: A different k workshop on the performing arts...*

Sharry Silvi	**Editor**
Mary Cass	**Assistant Editor**
Anne Lingley	**Managing Editor**
Kim Rowley	**Art Director**
Joseph Klock *Patricia Dreveny* *Gail Giacobbe* *Daniel Jennings*	**Contributing Editors**
James and Kathy Webber	**Article Editors**
Vera Giannini	**Senior Copy Editor**
Richard Tetreau *Rosalyn Richardson Coleman*	**Copy Editors**
Longina Briones	**Assistant Art Director**
Maria Pereira	**Circulation Manager**
Rolf F. Rehe	**Art Consultant**

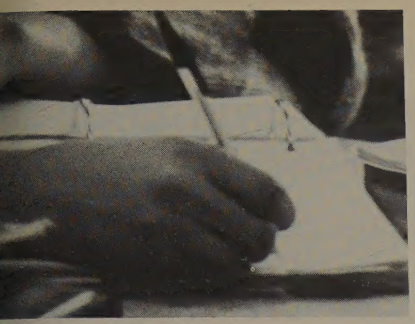


Living City is published 11 times a year (10 monthly and a bimonthly issue in August-September) by the Focolare Movement Women's Branch, Inc. a non-profit corporation, P. O. Box 496, New York, NY 10021.
Subscription prices for one year: USA and possessions: US$12.75; Canada: US$19.00; Elsewhere: US$20.00; Air Mail (all countries): US$30.00.
An envelope is enclosed in each magazine for subscription orders and inquiries: LIVING CITY, P. O. Box 126, Jamaica, NY 11415.
©1985 by the Focolare Movement, Women's Branch, Inc. All rights reserved.

OTHER EDITIONS OF THE FOCOLARE MOVEMENT MAGAZINE

ITALIAN: "Citta Nuova" - Via degli Scipioni 00192 Rome - Italy

FRENCH:
1. "Nouvelle Cite" - 131, rue Castagnary F75 015 - France
2. "Nouvelle Cite" - C.P. 636 - St. Jerome - P.Qu Canada - J7Z 5T9



OWARDS A NEW HUMANITY: An in epth look at putting the Gospel into prac- ce in the field of education.

21 *ON THE 904 EXPRESS TO BOLOGNA: An act of terrorism became a springboard for one couple to continue to love and be of service to those around them.*

24 *IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT MOMENT: Our concluding chapter of the biography of Rosa Pagan.*

CONTENTS

Chiara Lubich	Unity and the Saints	2
Paolo Loriga	Artists for a day	5
Nedo Pozzi	On the 904 Express to Bologna	21
	In the light of the present moment	24

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Towards a New Humanity	10
Youth for a united world	14
Word of life	16
Experiences of life	18
Images for words	23

NISH:
iudad Nueva"- Av. da Rivadavia 4939 - Buenos
24 - Argentina
iudad Nueva"- Ferrer del Rio, 1 Esc A, 2º 5ª
id - Spain
TUGHESE: "Cidade Nova" CX POSTAL 30
Vargem Grande Pta. Sao Paolo - Brazil

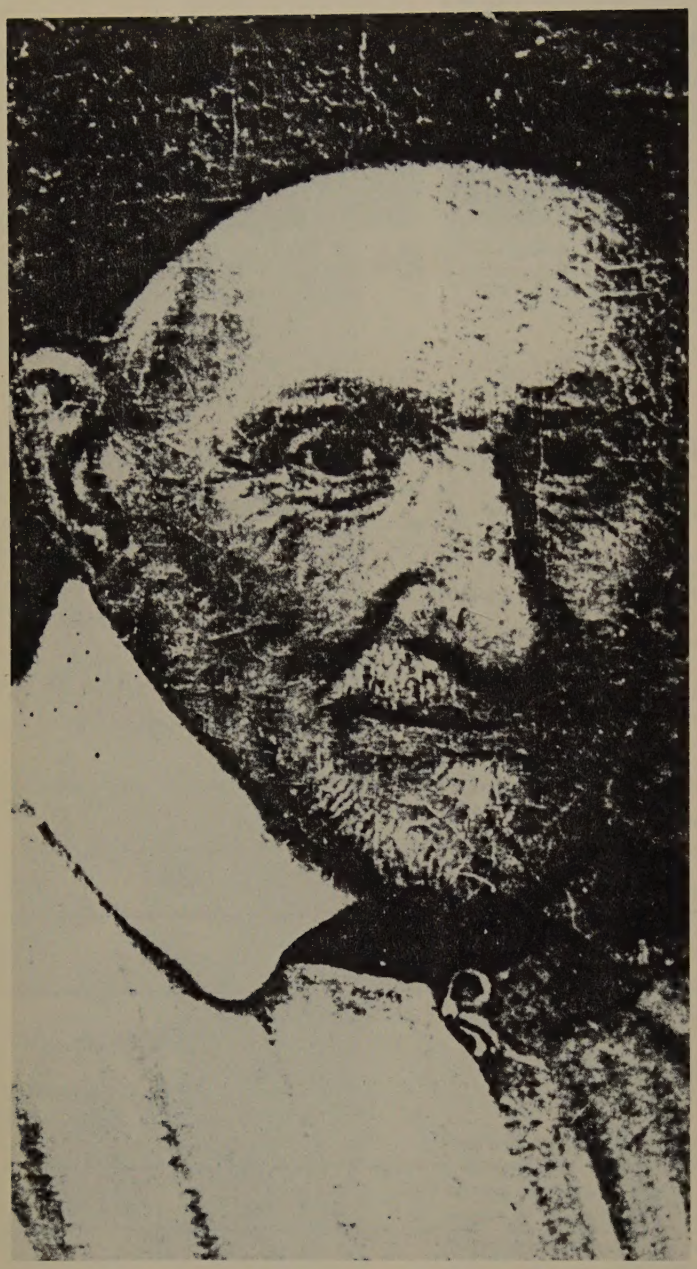
CHINESE: "San Sing Seung Yuet Hong" - 70 Waterloo Road 11 B/F - Kowloon - Hong Kong

DUTCH: "Nieuwe Stad" - St. Stephanusstrasse 11 Nijmegen - Holland

GERMAN: "Neue Stadt" - Gleissnerstrasse 87 - 8000 Munchen 83 - Germany

OTHER ENGLISH EDITIONS:

1. "New City" - 57 Twyford Avenue - London W3 England
2. "New City" - P.O. Box 332 - Manila, Philippines
3. "New City" - 367 Balwyn Rd - Balwyn North 3104 - Australia



THE SPIRITUALITY OF UNITY

UNITY AND THE SAINTS

by CHIARA LUBICH

We asked Chiara Lubich, founder of the Focolare, a movement animated by the "spirituality of unity", how the charisms which gave life to different religious families in the Church have emphasized or presently emphasize the Christian concept of unity. The following is part three of her answer.

We have seen that besides those saints of the Middle Ages who are very well known to us such as St. Frances of Assisi, St. Clare of Assisi, St. Angela of Foligno and St. Catherine of Siena, other great saints of the XV and XVI centuries such as St. Angela Merici and St. Ignatius Loyola have considered the reality of unity to be of great importance for their religious families. It is true in fact that every true charism of the Holy Spirit serves for the edification of the Christian community, that is of the Church.

Some thoughts of St. Maria Maddalena of Pazzi (1566-1607) on unity impress us with wonder and joy. It seems to me that more than others we have considered up to this point, this saint expresses the value of unity

because where there is unity there is God, and where God is present everything acquires depth and value, whereas without unity even conquering the whole world would be worth nothing.

"The Holy Trinity, the Eternal God," she wrote, "is very pleased with all the works of persons who are gathered together in holy union and who thus come to resemble him. Whether they be big or small congregations, I say, with many or few people, it is enough that they be united in spirit, serving God with the same will and sentiment, every small thing they do and every minor task they accomplish will be pleasing to God much more than we could say or imagine. But not only in the works they accomplish but also in all their thoughts, affections, desires, prayers, outward practices, and so on, these are pleasing and render honor to the Trinity, eternal and undivided Unity."[1]

Still in this century we meet four giants in mutual love who certainly experienced the presence of Jesus in their midst. They are St. Vincent de Paul (1581-1660) with St. Louise de Marillac (1591-1660) and St. Frances di Sales (1567-1622) with St. Jane of Chantal (1572-1641). Having experienced unity they were able to express its effects. They are convinced for example that physical separation among those who are united in Jesus does not, in fact, separate.

St. Vincent de Paul seems to have a very particular understanding of unity. Perhaps it is due to the fact that his ideal is love and charity towards our neighbor, and as we know, it is precisely this love that opens the way to the understanding of divine matters. St. John says: "Whoever loves me will be loved by my Father. I too will love him and reveal myself to him" (Jn. 14:21).

When his first priests were leaving for Ireland, he embraced them and as his primary and final recommendation he gave them the norm of unity as the guarantee of their apostolic endeavors.

"Be united and God will bless you, but it must be the charity of Jesus Christ. In Jesus Christ, through Jesus Christ and for Jesus Christ, you must be united with one another. The spirit of Jesus Christ is a spirit of union and peace. How can you draw souls to Jesus Christ if you are not united with one another and with him? It's not possible. Thus, have one sentiment and one will."[2]

Speaking to the Daughters of Charity, St. Vincent said: "You see, my daughters, just as God is one in himself and in him there are three persons, without the Father being greater than the Son or the Son being greater than the Holy Spirit, the Daughters of Charity must also be one, for they must be in the image of the most Holy Trinity.

Opposite page: Saint Vincent de Paul: "Be united..." he urged his first priests, "how can you draw souls to Christ if you are not united with one another?" Right: On the Pont Neuf, "The hub of Paris," in St. Vincent's time.

Although they are many, nevertheless, they must be one heart and one soul."[3] "In so doing, you will make this community a reproduction of the most Holy Trinity."[4]

Then St. Vincent listed all the evils which come from disunity and he affirmed that even one member who foments disunity is damaging all: "Terrible evils come from disunity: the lessening of the love of God and neighbor, wars, unrest; loss of vocations, distaste for God, unworthy reception of Holy Communion... Think of a building that is beautiful and solid. But if just one beam should be out of place, not only would you see the beam fall, but also the building. This is why each person must avoid discord. Otherwise the entire religious family will suffer the consequences. When one part is in discord, all the rest suffers. When someone is scandalized by what he sees, he does not just say that Joan and Margaret behave badly, but the Daughters of Charity behave badly. And so, if just two persons are in discord, all the Daughters of Charity suffer the scandal."[5]

At the same time, St. Vincent experienced the fullness of joy which is the gift of unity, and he wanted to leave it as an inheritance for his sons and daughters. During the last year of his life he affirmed in a testament: "Let's agree unanimously and we will be a paradise... I know no other paradise on earth than that which exists among those who adapt themselves to one another so that all be equal. I know nothing in the world that can complete our happiness as much as unity among us, which makes us similar to Our Lord and which unites us to God. It is the beginning of beatitude. If we do the opposite it is a constant hell, where there is nothing but hatred and division."[6]

St. Louise de Marillac wrote to her Daughters on various occasions: "I implore you not to think with sadness of the distance that lies between us. Think instead that we are very closely united and that we can never be separated. For the intimate union created by holy charity cannot suffer separation."[7]

St Frances de Sales told the Visitation Nuns that any separation among them concerns the body but not the spirit. They are always united.

"Reflecting on your departure," he wrote, " I wanted to give you the following thoughts: Dearest children, you will neither be divided nor separated from one another because you are all leaving and all remaining. Those who leave remain and those who remain leave, not they themselves, but in those who leave. And those who leave will remain in those remaining. This union is one of the primary fruits of our religion and it is formed by means of charity. It is such a union that of many hearts, one heart is formed, and though many members, there is one body. All are made so completely one that it seems that all the religious of the same order are but one religious. This separation is only physical because spiritually you remain always very united."

This saint then went even further to affirm that this unity among them, even among those who are separated physically, can increase. "Now, not only will we always remain united to one another, but what is more, this union of ours will increase and become more perfect every day. And the sweet and amiable bond of holy charity will become ever closer in the measure in which we progress in the way of perfection. For becoming more and more capable of uniting ourselves to God, we will also be more and more united to one another, so that each Communion we receive will render our union more perfect."[8]

To be continued.

1) Maria Maddalena de Pazzi, "L'amore non amato", Rome 1974, pp.143; 2) Cit. of Abelly, pp.145, in Giordani "o.c", pp.460; 3) D 159 "Perfezione evangelica" St. Vincent de Paul, Rome 1967, pp.197; 4) S 88 "Op. cit.", pp.197-198; 5) S 14 "Op.cit.", pp.202-203; 6) Coste, "Saint Vincent de Paul...", t.XII pp.255-257; in Giordani, "o.c.", p.461; 7) L 163 "Nella Chiesa al servizio dei poveri", Roma 1978, pp.241-242; 8) St. Frances de Sales "Trattenimenti", Alba 1967, pp.101-102.

Artists for a day

Behind the scenes of a workshop on the performing arts: a show created by the Gen Rosso and put together, in a few hours' time, by a cast of experts and beginners.

by PAOLO LORIGA

"I would say you are artists for the world because you do not keep your artistic and technical gifts jealously to yourselves, but make them available to everybody. This ease of communicating is not readily found elsewhere," commented stage director Giuseppe Ferrara, well known to the Italian public for his film on the life of Army General Dalla Chiesa, *The Hundred Days of Palermo*. Together with film producer Carmine De Benedictis, he came on June 2 to see the Gen Rosso workshop and check out the validity of their unusual endeavor.

The experiment, first presented during a tour of Germany and then in the Italian cities of Bari and Bologna, has already proven to be successful. In Rome, it had been launched a few days earlier at the closing of the Gen Rosso Show at the *Teatro Tenda Pianeta* (Planet Tent Theater) not far from the Olympic Stadium. The main purpose of such workshops is to eliminate the distance that separates stage and auditorium, actors and spectators, and to have professionals of show business and last minute amateurs work together. In an artistic world like that of Rome, where even great stars come and go like meteors, this initiative couldn't fail but attract curiosity and interest. ►

Photos by Gabriele Marsili

Previous page: A lesson in make-up during the mime workshop followed the lesson on movements designed to help the artists' self expression. Among the participants there is an atmosphere of serious concentration, but a sense of joy is certainly not missing. Right: Cristoph of Gen Rosso and a violinist teach a musical passage to two young flautists. The day could definitely be called a success for what was accomplished in the short time available.

On Sunday morning, almost 4,000 young people of various ages showed up. Many of them have been fans of the Gen Rosso for some time and would not miss the opportunity of working with them; others were just attracted by the novelty of this project. There was a group of people, associated to varying degrees with the arts, who had come for an exchange of experiences and for the opportunity of learning, or comparing notes on new techniques.

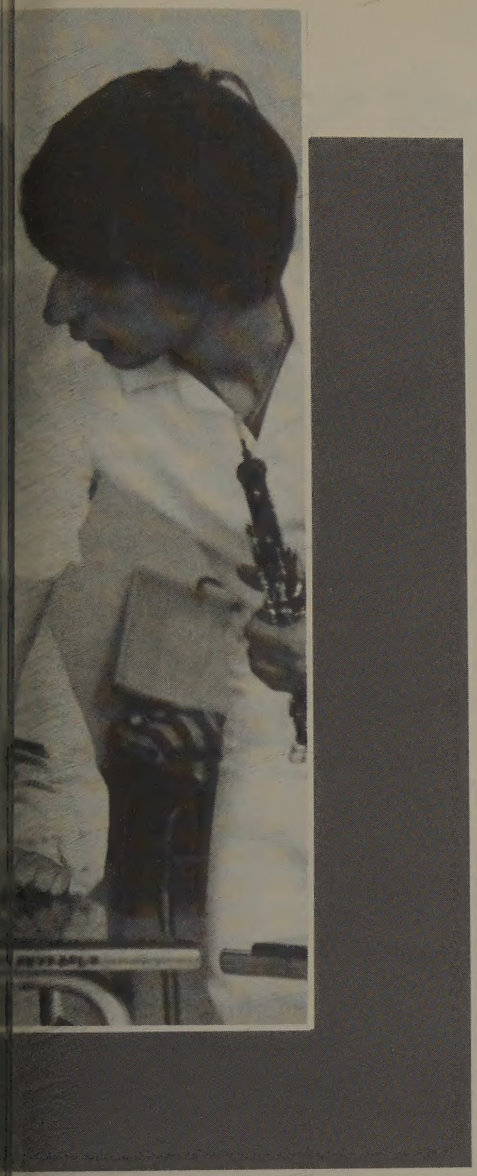
Some came wearing sporty overalls, some carrying guitars of various makes; some showed up with hardshell cases containing heaven knows what kind of mysterious instruments. They all had lunch boxes in hand.

After a brief moment of welcome in the big hall, where later some of the performances would take place, the participants joined various work groups. They disappeared into the different rooms with a cheerful "see you later" (in the afternoon they would be asked to present the fruits of their efforts).

Locked in their own little room were the only drums to be shared by the five competitors. They were isolated from the rest of the instruments lest their sounds disturb the others. Here we found Francesco, Gen Rosso's drummer, Paul and Pier Paolo who played with other groups, and Stefano and Alessandro who had their own drum set at home.

The players got acquainted, tested each other's abilities—not without some apprehension of the part of those less expert—and discussed and experimented with various techniques, from exercises for the proper twisting of the wrists to the favorite methods of some of the "greats" of this instrument. They began working with the score, which was the same for the entire orchestra, and then on to a piece for improvisation. The orchestra was enthusiastically prepared to do the most proficient job possible. Only the immovable keyboard instruments still remained in the big hall, while all the others were scattered in various rooms on the second floor. The bass, with its heavy, monosyllabic sound, needed the others to feel useful.

Then there were the guitars, the acoustic as well as the electric. It was a pleasant moment: no one bragging about his or her achievements, but each one helping the other. They rehearsed over and over again until one particular passage was conquered. There was little time, but those who coordinated the teams didn't seem worried; they were too busy



seeing to it that everyone went ahead together.

Those who had some musical background played the classical instruments. They were easily distinguished by their composure and their clean, simultaneous beat. Yet, when it came to commitment and enthusiasm, there was no difference between the accomplished musicians and those who had not studied music formerly. The youngest of the participants was a girl who was very skilled on the flute. She played in counterpoint to the violin, bassoon, contrabass, saxophone, and trumpet players, all seated in a half circle in front of her.

Anyone who wanted to could try his or her hand at one of the percussion instruments. Gioi of the Gen Rosso managed to put everyone at ease—even those attesting that they did not know that there was such a thing as rhythm. The room was dominated by a high structure holding the tubular bells; the young people, seated in a half circle, busied themselves with the most diverse instruments: bongoes, gongs, triangles, the reco reco, and others with names just as strange as their shapes. All of these were to be used in the afternoon performance. Gioi reminded those present that "in the orchestra every instrument has its place and its importance, yours no less than the others."

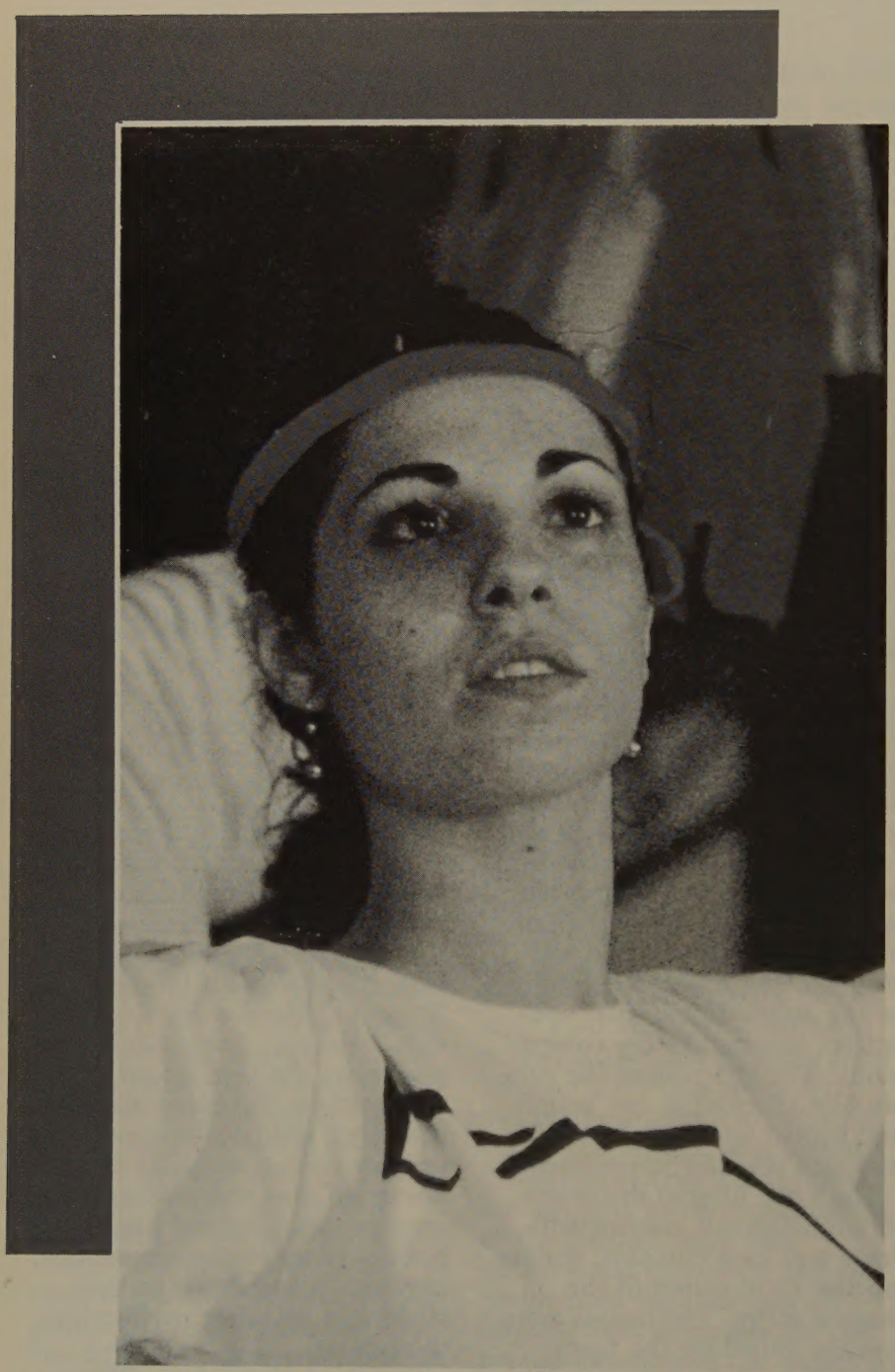
So on they went with the work. The quality of the performances improved, and more and more comments and suggestions were passed back and forth. One girl playing the tambourine was a fourth of a bar late and almost upset the tempo of all the others. She was stopped, she listened carefully to the suggestions; then apologized, smiling, to her companions. The girl behind the temple block looked at her watch and sighed with relief; there was still time for improvement.

The light filtered discretely through the tall, narrow windows and long curtains, softening the vivid colors of the singers attire. The basses were quickly joined by the tenors, contraltos, and sopranos, who had each been practicing separately in adjoining rooms. After vocalizing, they learned the technique of proper breathing. A young girl in a red tunic cried out amazed: "I didn t know that you could also breathe from your stomach!"

Even the gong had its place in the orchestra along with other types of percussion instruments.

The voice workshop was the best attended with 160 participants. There was no confusion, however. Accompanied by the piano, the Gen Rosso first taught them the entire song; they then went to work on refining each stanza. As they rehearsed now one section, then another, they seemed like the pistons of an engine alternately moving up and down as they stood and sat after performing their piece.

One, two, three, four. This was the rhythm followed by the three dance groups, rehearsing a series of steps. It didn't take a very keen eye to notice that ►



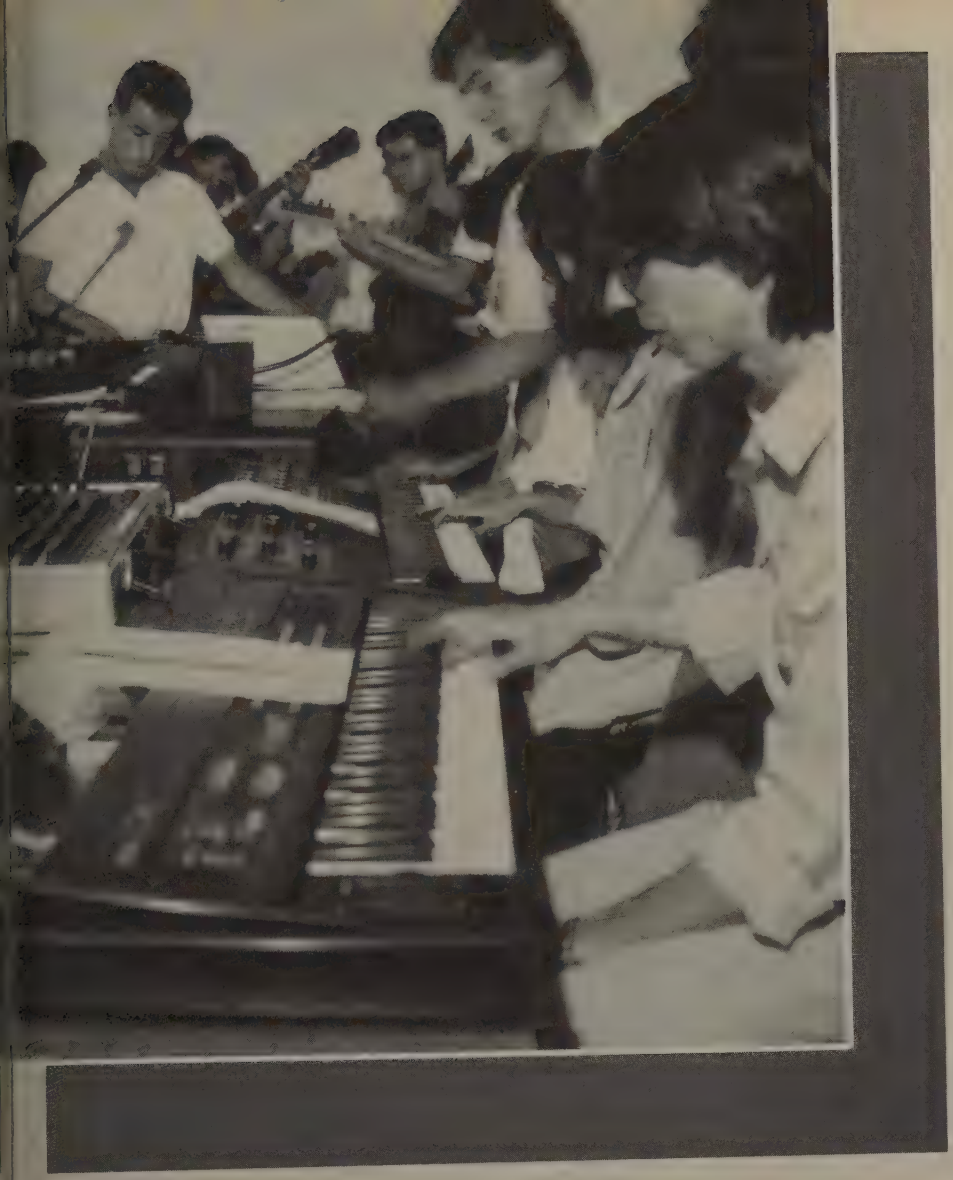
Among artists and spectators, each person valued the work of the other and expressed this appreciation with extended applause. "It was an artistic experience," one visitor commented, "not so much for the results achieved, as for the opportunity of being able to work together.

for many of the young dancers, it was their first experience. It was surprising, however, to see how quickly they learned the movements and how well they kept in step with the others. Luigi happily shared with me: "When I chose this particular dance I thought it might be too difficult, but with these kids everything seems easy!"

They were trying a new step. Marcy of the Gen Rosso demonstrated how it should be done, then repeated it in slow motion for the benefit of these one-day pupils. He explained the gestures, showed the different positions of the body, then he did the whole piece from the beginning. Finally he invited all to follow him—one, two, three times. At first it seemed too difficult. But when challenging the pride of each by asking whether they would like to try a simpler one, the answer was a resounding chorus of no's! In the beginning only very few believed they would succeed and have fun, but now, having discovered their own abilities, no one wanted to set any limits to them. There was great enthusiasm and concentration. They had only one day of this special instruction and they did not intend to miss a moment of it!

The mimes worked on a cement platform enclosed by trees. Mime is the art of communicating emotions with one's body. The apprentices did not find it easy. In the forthcoming show some were to express joy, others pain.

Ed from Holland was an expert in mime. He repeated his



The immovable keyboard instruments had remained in the great hall awaiting all the other members of the orchestra.

instructions patiently, asking the students that they go deep into their own soul and find the roots of the emotions they wished to express. Only after this was done could they start working on techniques. The faces, already made up for the performance, revealed great concentration.

There was excitement and expectation in the hall as the word went around that the show was "about to begin." There was constant movement between actors and spectators, who had great fun being first on one side of the footlights and then on the other.

The show opened with the mimes. The public watched intently (this piece was the hardest to understand), and then exploded into applause. The dancers entered with graceful movements, the streamers attached to their wrists and ankles left colored trails behind. The theme of the dance was the victorious battle of life over death, and it was received with prolonged applause.

Everyone greatly enjoyed the slides on the Gen Rosso telling of their beginnings and of their message of evangelical unity. Francesco, a member of the group, spoke about its development and also gave his personal experience.

The fine chorus stirred the hearts of all, as I could see from the young faces around me. Finally it was the orchestra's turn—the keyboards, the drums, electric guitars, percussion and classical instruments. This, I think, was the most difficult moment, when each team, after having worked on the piece separately, had to fit in with all the others and be part of the whole orchestra. The loudspeakers went full blast, and the "so-called" public clapped their hands in rhythm. When the chorus entered, however, all relaxed happily to listen.

The final appearance of Gen Rosso was marked by roaring applause as they said goodbye and thanked everybody. No one wanted to leave.

The impression shared by many: it was a stimulating day that enriched both the professionals and the young people who participated. The experiment to bring musical groups and the public together was successful. The artistic level reached wouldn't probably have satisfied a sophisticated audience but it could definitely be called a success for what could be accomplished in the short time available.

"It was an artistic experience and more," said Franz Coriasco, an expert in the field, "not so much for the results achieved, as for the opportunity of being able to work together." Stefano, on his way out, had this comment: "It was a successful experiment!" He waved goodbye, clutching the drumsticks he had used on the only available set of drums in the whole orchestra. □

Seeking new solutions together

In this issue we are zeroing in on one aspect of human endeavor, that of education, with experiences of putting the Gospel into practice in this very demanding field.

Education

A different approach

The choice of a career was one of the biggest decisions I had to make. It involved where I lived, my way of life, the hours I worked and the amount of leisure time I spent with my family.

When I chose to become a librarian, I realized that I had two ways of approaching my work—I could approach it either with my own limited vision, or by letting Divine Providence guide me. For the past two years I have been working as a school librarian trying to live and share my Christian understanding of work.

I realized that in order to build unity at work I had to share in the joys, sufferings and fatigue of my colleagues, to make their problems my own and to seek new solutions together with them.

Recently, the art teacher at my school was extremely pressured over the preparation of the scenery for our annual school musical. Whenever possible, I assisted her. Mostly, it required carrying the posters to the library to dry.

However, one day, my friend asked me for assistance in hanging up the posters for the show that night. That day I was particularly overburdened with a task having a 3 o'clock deadline.

I told her that I would be able to come at 3 when I was finished with my work. At 3, when my task was completed, I became a little agitated thinking of my children who were waiting for me at home. In addition to that, I knew nothing about hanging scenery.

I went to the auditorium and found my friend on the verge of tears. All her workers had left, and she was alone to hang thirty posters. She looked at me as if to say where should we begin. I was puzzled, too.

Suddenly I realized that this was the moment to make my neighbor's problem my own. As soon as I did this I began to see small ways in which I could help. I found the custodian and asked him for a ladder. I cut up hundreds of pieces of tape in preparation for the hanging of the posters. I then arranged the posters in size order.

We worked rapidly, and within three hours the task was completed. She was overjoyed because all was ready and on time for the show.

While watching the show that night I felt a great sense of peace.

Working in the school system, I discovered that schools are often highly competitive. Each school, in its attempt to register the better student will offer a multitude of enrichment programs. Unfortunately, often the center of this productive system is no longer the child. In an attempt to make the school shine, the child and his efforts often go unnoticed and unrewarded.

I wanted to have a different approach and become more aware of the individual.

Each year the Bureau of Libraries runs a story-telling contest. The child who tells the best story from each school goes to a city-wide competition.

Naturally each school tries to select its best student. I spent weeks working with a group of students. Finally, I narrowed it down to two. One had excellent delivery and technique. In fact, she was one of the above-average students, always succeeding. The other child was an average student, somewhat of a non-achiever. However, he had a dynamite story and a great desire to participate. I deliberated for a few days. If I were to choose the girl, I was sure to win. If I were to choose the boy, I would have to work very hard to get him to learn the story.

"In an effort to make the school shine, the child and his efforts often go unnoticed. I wanted to have a different approach..."

Keeping the individual and the end product in mind, I chose the boy. To build up his confidence I took him around to several classes where he could practice his story. The teachers often wondered why I chose this student. It was at this point that I realized that my candidate was often in trouble with the Dean.

For the next few days we worked diligently together. I intervened on his behalf in different circumstances; I gave him money for breakfast; I loaned him a tape recorder so that he could practice at home. I even sponsored him in a marathon walk. Slowly his technique was improving.

Finally the big day arrived. All the contestants came to my school. Each one presented a beautiful story. When my contestant began, I closed my eyes and prayed. His delivery and style were perfect. He far exceeded my expectations. He won a place as runner up. I was overjoyed.

The esteem he received from peers and staff was overwhelming and made the teachers think about selecting a so-called non-achiever.

A new awareness of the individual was brought about. It made the school more of a family, open to reach out to every neighbor.

T.S.

A helpful reminder

At the end of last year, I picked up a class for another teacher who had fallen ill. The

students did not appreciate the change: not only did they *not* cooperate, they actively sought, with all their ingeniousness, any chance to disrupt. It was a dreaded class that went for the jugular. The year was petering out and it took all of me to coerce them into reviewing the previous teacher's material as well as my own. While the majority simply did not care what went on in the classroom, little by little the minority of them fell quieter and some even began a covert attempt to listen. One, however, remained unabashedly ring leader.

One day, for example, when a fight ensued on the other side of the room, Charles took advantage to steal my wallet, delightedly giving me, over a period of time, the information he had gleaned therein. On another day when I was called out of the room, he gave the contents of the wastepaper basket to the four winds. He would also try to pick up the grade book, teacher manuals, and so on. He was, however, passing with flying colors and was in the class (a slower paced course) only because he is a disruptive student. That was, in fact, the situation of all but three of these students.

The last period of the last day of the year finally arrived. All the students were seated with their desks aimed at the door. The principal, just minutes before the final bell, got on the loudspeaker to wish the students a "restful and prosperous" summer. Languidly, Charles reached up, ripped out the wires of the loudspeaker

box and drawled, "Here Miss. This is for you."

For my part, at that moment, I nursed a less than loving attitude towards him. However, my relief that the year had finally ended and that I would not see him perhaps ever again outweighed every other consideration. I closed and locked the door and sat down.

However, this year, he was back again. I did not have him for class, but our paths crossed every day. In fact the first day he saw me he began to sing a popular song in a mocking tone of voice. Instantly I remembered everything he had ever done to disrupt the class and so I resolved simply to ignore him as did most of the other teachers. It cost me nothing to decide this course of action, but right on the heels of this thought came the clear realization that I had to love even this obnoxious student, even for just a few seconds, each day, in the hall.

Every day then, when fourth period changed, as the students started to crowd the hall and I would hear him coming down the hall singing at the top of his lungs, I would remind myself that in him too there was Jesus to be loved. Then I would look him straight in the eyes, nod and continue trying to keep the students moving down the hall. He was mystified by the dignity accorded him.

"... the majority of students simply did not care what went on ... some began to listen ... one remained unabashedly ringleader."

One day though it struck me that although it cost me a lot to do even this, it was not enough. I realized that I had to go out of my way. School was again almost ending the day I saw him sauntering down the hall after school. I changed my course, resolving in my heart to love him for Jesus. Before he could come up with his usual double-edged comments, I asked him with much interest, "Are you going to make it this year?" He was surprised and nodded. I smiled and said, "That's great. I'm really glad for you." He was stunned—so much so that he forgot to sing as I continued down the hall.

The night of graduation, all the seniors were lined up in caps and gowns, tennis shoes and boots sticking out from beneath the ankle-length blue robes. The faculty was wearing a resigned, relieved air, still on guard though, as the students passed by on their way into the auditorium. Charles sauntered by, his cowboy boots echoing on the marble floor. All around me the teachers sighed audibly. One muttered to himself, "He made it. Thank God." Charles passed by, then turned around, cut through the line and stopped in front of me. His eyes were filled with a silent, deep apology. He didn't know what to say so he put out his hand. Then he caught up to his place in line and went into the auditorium. I was immensely grateful to God for reminding me that if I put love where there is no love, I'll find love.

M.A.

"No one can serve two masters"

Questions concerning contemporary topics were voiced by the young people of different nations present at the 1985 Genfest held in Rome. We are continuing our publication of the answers given.

Culture and mass media

Question: As young people we live in a culture characterized by mass media. This culture, while it expresses an understanding of the youth of today, is often in contradiction to the aspirations of young people who are working for a more united world. How can we take advantage of the mass media in order to speed up the progress in achieving a more united world?

Youth from various English-speaking countries

Answer: The mass media are certainly a wonderful means for bringing about a more united world. Thanks to them the world has become "smaller" you could say, as if everything were converging there before our eyes. The possibilities of having more information, and faster, are greater. The world is at our fingertips.

We must be careful, however, not to identify the mass media with the message that they carry, nor with the culture that they are expressing. The mass media are merely a "means", a very providential one, but still only a means.

What are these means spreading around? This is the fundamental question.

We must be very careful not to become overly fascinated by the media, blindly accepting that *they* are the message—as we said before—that *they* are the culture. They are inasmuch as the culture of today expresses itself using these different means and assuming various forms and languages. But one thing is the *content* of a message and the other is the *language* in which it is expressed, the vehicle which allows for its circulation. Even if we are aware that a

Opposite page: Youth who attended the Genfest held in Rome earlier this year.

contradiction exists between the ideals we have chosen and the culture we see portrayed by the mass media, let's not stop at that. We must instead try to single out and understand the culture that lies beneath the message we hear, and recognize the real contradiction that exists if there is one.

Our choice in life, our "culture", must be very clear to us. We must know how to use the media in order to communicate. We can adopt its manner of expression but give it the content that we feel is valid.

Therefore: not a dependence on the mass media, but the correct use of it as a means of communicating values, choices, ideals.

This means giving priority to the person using the means, not allowing the means to dominate the person which is often the case. It means not making of the mass media the "only" vehicle for expressing one's culture, but using it together with other means. We remain free, culturally speaking, if we are not bound to only one form of expression.

Then, if the means at our disposal enable us to reach the masses, we must remember that the masses are made up of individuals, each one unique. We cannot speak to "the masses" but rather to each individual person even when addressing many people.

Jesus often spoke with individuals (the Samaritan woman, for example), yet his message was directed to the masses, to every person who listens to it today.

Arnaldo Diana

Against the current

We would like to bring our great desire for freedom also into the relationship between young men and women, but how can we live the purity Jesus speaks of in the Gospel in a world that attacks us from every side with pornography and eroticism?

A group of Latin American youth

Answer: First of all, one thing must be made very clear: we cannot follow God and the world which draws us into sin, too. Jesus said: "No one can serve two masters."[1] We have to choose.

Since, according to God's plan, the relationship between a man and a woman must be lived in purity, if the world encourages conduct that is contrary to this we must move in the opposite direction, that is "against the current."

This doesn't mean losing our freedom. Freedom is not a matter of doing whatever we want. In fact, the opposite is true: doing whatever we want, in an indiscriminate way, means being slaves, slaves of ourselves and of the mentality of the world which imposes upon us its models, its images and its slogans.

Truly free are those persons who love God and live according to his teachings, who make their choices according to the demands of this love, with awareness and responsibility both for themselves and for the other person. Truly free are those persons who know how to remove themselves from a situation, if needed, in order to respect the other person.

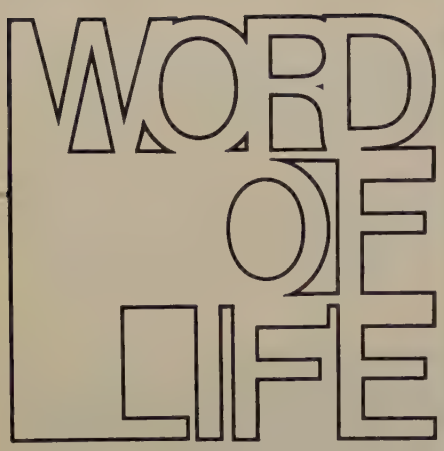
We know it is difficult, but we have on our side the one who has won the world.[2] We have on our side the strength that comes from the unity with all those who do not want to be overtaken by the ways of the world.

And if, by chance we fall, overtaken by the going mentality, let's recognize our mistake with humility and get ourselves back on the right track immediately, without hesitation, trusting in Jesus.

The best way to live purity in a world that attacks us from every side is to love, to learn how to love always, and to love all, to be the first to love, to love "concretely", with facts, but to love as Jesus wants, as he loved us.

Carlos Claria

1) Mt. 6:24; 2) Cfr. Jn. 16:33.



"With God all things are possible."
(Mk. 10:27)

The word makes us live.

The word makes us free.

The word guarantees happiness.

The word converts.

The word purifies us.

The word draws us to our specific vocations.

The word brings forth the hatred of the world and the sanctity of the disciple.

The word makes us see the truth.

The word brings comfort.

The word gives us joy.

The word produces works.

The word gives wisdom.

The word preserves us from human concerns.

The word obtains everything.

The word brings about union with God.

The word gives us hope of eternal life.

The word makes us one.

The word changes one's mentality.

The word makes each soul a heaven.

"A stranger approached Jesus to ask: "Good Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus answered by telling him to observe the commandments which he already knew. The stranger: "Master, I have kept all these since my childhood." Jesus looked at him with love and told him: "There is one more thing you must do. Go and sell what you have and give it to the poor, you will then have treasure in heaven. After that, come and follow me."

But the man's face fell at these words and he went away sad. "Jesus looked around and said to his disciples: 'How hard it is to enter the kingdom of God!'." The disciples were astounded by these words.... In that case, they said to one another, "Who can be saved?" "Jesus fixed his gaze on them and said, 'For man it is impossible but not for God. With God all things are possible'." The scene then drew to a close as Peter, the spokesman of the group, reminded Jesus that they had left everything to follow him.

"With God all things are possible."

This episode is a typical example of a person who says no to Jesus' call to follow him. In this case it was a good, young man who lived according to the Law, and showed an attraction for what is good. No wonder Jesus felt affection for him! The youth wanted to know from Jesus what the way is to reach eternal life. Jesus answered that the way for him was to leave his possessions and follow him.

But the stranger declined to take the step for a clear reason: he was attached to his possessions. He didn't want to give up the security which his wealth brought.

"With God all things are possible."

In this context we can understand Jesus' sad remark at the young man's refusal: "How hard it is for the rich to enter the kingdom of God!" Yes, because wealth suffocates from the start the most generous impulses to do good. Wealth can enslave us and prevent us from understanding the word of Jesus and from receiving God's light. In so doing we get used to valuing things that don't count, and nurturing within ourselves the eternal illusion that the things of this world can satisfy our hearts which were made instead for that which does not perish.

When we speak of riches we shouldn't think only of bank accounts and real estate. We are rich when, as Jesus says, we set our hearts on the things of this world like: success, power, pleasure, beauty, physical health, and so on, and believe that they will make us happy.

"With God all things are possible."

When the apostles heard Jesus say how hard it is for the rich to enter the kingdom of God, they concluded that then there was no one who could be saved. The scene passing before their eyes, in fact, was a world of people attached to the earth and enslaved to material things. It is the same world we face today.

But Jesus' conclusion is very different: what is impossible for us, is possible for God. Now God not only can save the world, but he wants to. Moreover, God is bringing about the salvation of the world precisely through Jesus, his son, who made himself poor in every respect in order to give us his real riches. And Jesus accomplishes the task of salvation starting with those considered the least on the social scale. He uses poor and simple people, like the apostles, who are, however, ready to receive his word and follow his call.

It is no accident that this entire episode begins with the scene of the rich man who says no to Jesus and ends with the apostles who say yes and leave everything to follow Jesus. The little community of disciples can be seen as the seed of a new humanity able to welcome the real riches of the kingdom of God.

"With God all things are possible."

In our spiritual life, as well, we can pass through times when we feel incapacitated because we recognize in ourselves attachments to people and things; we feel enslaved by bonds we ought to free ourselves of, yet we are not sure we can do away with them.

Looking around us, we see the race for "big money," pleasure and material well being. We can therefore be tempted to think that what Jesus asks is beautiful in theory but too difficult in practice, not to say impossible.

Well then, in moments like these we should remember this word of life. Jesus lets us experience our incapacity not in order to discourage us, but to help us understand better that "with God all things are possible." He wants us to experience the extraordinary power of his grace and to open ourselves, with greater trust, therefore, to the immense gift of his love.

This word of life reminds us that we already live in the era of Jesus, in the era of the one who died and rose so that we could sever false earthly ties. With Jesus a new world has begun, in fact a world that he is building with those who answer his call.

Can Jesus be calling us to leave everything in order to be among them? Let us not doubt his help: he will free us from the pitfalls of greater or lesser riches. Is Jesus asking us to simply live our lives as Christians, without a special calling, nonetheless being witnesses to him and to his love?

He will know how to help us to be spiritually detached from everything so as to open our soul to the immense riches of his kingdom.

In either case, though, believing that he can do all things, let us try to become worthy followers of his.

Chiara Lubich

EXPERIENCES

The following are experiences in living the Gospel which some of our readers have shared with us.

Every day I go to Mass at noon because it fits in well with my work and travel schedule. Lately, one of the priests who says Mass at this time started giving sermons. When this began to happen, I realized that everyday I would anxiously watch the door to see whether it was this one priest coming out because I knew that I would be late getting back to work. To make things even more difficult I really didn't find his sermons too interesting.

One day the priest stopped me as I was coming out of the church and said that he really felt a little nervous when he saw that I was sitting in the first pew. I realized that the moment for my conversion had arrived. In order to go from death to life, as the word of life was suggesting ("We have passed out of death and into life, and of this we can be sure, because we love our brothers" 1 Jn. 3:14), I had to love my neighbor, and his sermons.

The change of attitude in me brought new life in my soul. I found I wasn't getting nervous anymore. Now I smile when I see him so he doesn't get nervous either. Thirdly, I always find something in what he says that can be helpful to me.

E.P.

As I was leaving class one morning my friend came up to me and asked if I could help him study. I was just on the way to the library myself because I had a big exam coming up in the afternoon.

He told me that he hadn't been able to study before and now he really needed help. I didn't see how I could go with him because I was in exactly the same position. A phrase of the Gospel came to my mind: "In so far as you did this to the least of these brothers of mine, you did it to me." I thought—this is my chance to love this person.

I went with him and we studied together for about two hours. When we finished he felt confident about taking the exam. A few days later he found out that he had done well on his exam and he was happy. When I got mine back I saw that I had done well too. I was happy but I understood that the joy I felt was because I had been able to love my friend in a moment when he needed help.

M.M.

I have three younger brothers and one younger sister. Though we are all pretty close, like all brothers and sisters we sometimes have our run-ins. At a certain point, however, we understood the importance of Jesus' words: "In so far as you did this to one of the least of these brothers of mine you did it to me" (Mt. 25:40). We saw that we could live them in our everyday lives, with one another, too.

Many things changed in our house as a result of this, yet we noticed how easy it was to fall back into our old ways if we were not careful.

For example, one of my younger brothers has a morning paper route. At about five o'clock one morning, Dave came into my room and tapped me on the shoulder. I am someone who likes to sleep and especially sleep late, so I didn't welcome this early morning interruption. I groggily asked him what he wanted. He said that he had overslept and only had fifteen minutes to fold all his papers. He wondered if I could help him. I started to get angry, and I thought that he should have gotten up when the alarm went off. I was about to tell him so when I remembered that phrase, "In so far as you did this to one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did it to me." I thought, Jesus loved us to the point of dying for us; surely I could get out of bed and help my brother. I got up and helped him. We finished folding all the papers and I went back to bed.

"I must change... but how?"

I'm a truck driver and I usually carry fruits and vegetables to a big market.

In the past, I wasn't well accepted at work because I was rude and inclined to cause conflicts. The sellers delivered me the goods unwillingly, even when I had been waiting my turn in line.

I was well known for my haughty manner and the more obstacles I faced the more I rebelled. My workmates avoided speaking to me and I was rejected by all. The only person I associated with was Louis. Everyday at 4 in the morning when we were waiting in line, he used to come up to me and we talked a little. When my turn finally arrived he tried to do all he could to convince the sellers to deliver my goods.

His attitude seemed strange to me; I couldn't understand it. One day I decided to ask him the reason why he took such care to calmly resolve the difficult situations I had provoked. He gave me a very simple answer: "You are my companion and as I would do this to help others, I am here to help you as well."

I was impressed by the way Louis talked because he seemed to be a friend to all. His words also surprised me however. I began to think about what he told me and then asked myself: "Is it right to continue to be so aggressive with everyone?" I realized that I should change... but how?"

My conversations with Louis became more and more interesting. Whenever I talked with him I felt renewed and encouraged. One day he explained to me the reason for his conduct. He gave me a leaflet with a commentary to the "Word of Life." Then I understood the reason for his way of acting. I wanted to try to live in the same way.

That month the sentence was, "Be careful not to do your 'acts of righteousness' before men, to be seen by them. I you do, you will have no reward from your Father who is in heaven" (Mt. 6:1).

One morning I told Louis, "I think that I have to apologize to the people I have offended. I don't know how to explain it, but I would like to start living a different life."

Louis gave me his support and little by little I was able to talk with all of my workmates and clients. It was such a change! They even began to look for me and ask me favors.

I didn't want to lose any opportunity to put that phrase of the Gospel into practice. Once, at work, while I was loading the truck, the owner came up to me and said very roughly, "You have to carry twelve thousand bananas!"

I replied that the truck couldn't carry such a heavy load. Seeing that he was getting angry, I excused myself for a moment and went to the truck, where I had fixed in full view the word of life. I renewed my intention, "I must live before God without expecting recognition from others."

I then returned to my boss and said calmly that I would carry the twelve thousand bananas in two rounds. He threatened to lay me off, but I was able to calm him down saying that I could be paid as if it were one round only. He was pleased and thanked me. From then on we were friends.

As time passed the friendship between Louis and I grew. One day I confided to him that my wife had agreed to get married in church. The wedding day was unforgettable! Louis was my best man. It was his family who welcomed our relatives and guests and helped us by serving at the table and so on.

When I was experiencing rejection and isolation from others, I never imagined that one day my life could be different, with a purpose. Louis, with his love, showed me that the Gospel could be lived even by people as uncouth as myself, proving to me that it *is* Light and Life for everyone!

L.R. (Brazil)

Five minutes later Dave tiptoed into my room again. It was raining, he told me, and he needed to put the papers in plastic bags. Could I please help him? Once again, I had to remind myself that here was another chance to love. We bagged each newspaper quickly and soon he was ready to leave.

We were both happy and for the second time I went back to bed. A few minutes Dave appeared again. This time I was ready for him and I asked what he wanted. He said it was raining hard; would I mind driving him in the car for his route? This meant I not only had to get up but I had to get dressed quickly, too. By this point I was determined not to stop in my decision to love.

Together we loaded the car and we finished the paper route in good time, but even more than this we were happy at having been given this time to spend together.

R. K.

Mariapolis comes and goes
but its spirit lives forever
like a flower that keeps blooming
in our hearts and in our world.

Coverage of the events of the five Mariapolises which took place in North America this year will appear in the next issue of Living City.

Watch for it!

On the 904 Express to Bologna

We live in difficult times. News of acts of terrorism reach us very often. As they suffered the consequences of one of them, an Italian couple, Mariangela and Pietro Tampieri, tried to continue to love and be of service to all.
The experience they lived through, two days before last Christmas when a bomb exploded on a train that was taking them home for the holidays, is very strong and moving.
Nedo Pozzi recorded it for us in Italy.

"On December 23, 1984 we were traveling from Rome to Bologna. At Florence we decided to change trains and take the 904 Express which would arrive in Bologna twenty minutes earlier. At 7:15 p.m. while we were in a tunnel there was an enormous explosion followed by a thunderous roar, then complete darkness followed by more rumbling. It was as if a burst of flame flashed from nowhere so fast it seemed beyond time and plunged into the heart of the earth.

"Everything around us was collapsing. We were quite certain we were going to die, so we put our arms around each other, but we weren't afraid. We put ourselves in God's hands.

"Then we tried to move; first a foot, then a leg, then a hand ... and found that we were still alive. Using a cigarette lighter we looked around our compartment. The other four people who, like ourselves, had seats, were unhurt. At our feet, blown in by the explosion, were three passengers who had been standing in the corridor. Their faces were cut and bleeding. Slowly we came to our senses. We were alive, yes, but in order to help the others. We agreed on a plan of action."

Mariangela would stay in the compartment to support and care for the injured. Pietro would get out and try to find out what happened, and organize some emergency aid.

Mariangela and Pietro Tampieri, passengers on the 904 Express: "One spark of love was enough to kindle in people's hearts a heroism which was stronger than any plan to kill."

There was total darkness, and from among the groans came the appalling news: "That was a bomb!"

In the corridor Pietro found himself up against a man who flung his arms around him shouting: "Curse them! Curse them!"

"No, no, don't say that. It could have been your son.... I forgive them."

"No, I haven't got any sons! They're murderers!"

"Well forgive them just the same. It could have been my ►

Wreckage of the 904 Express being towed into the station.

brother who planted the bomb." Sobbing, they embraced each other amid desperate cries for help. Pietro climbed down into the tunnel. The night seemed to be peopled only by ghosts, wandering about without reason. Brief gleams from cigarette lighters lit up the fear and anguish. He and a young doctor, a passenger like himself, organized some first aid. Lighters were needed to see, belts to stop the bleeding, clothes to make bandages, coats to cover people.

Pietro climbed back into the train. Hundreds of people, each traveling alone, preoccupied with his or her own thoughts and belongings had been confronted by an urgent corporate need. "Give me something for someone who is bleeding to death." The immediacy of the response was astounding, especially among the young people who took off their coats and jackets and tore up their shirts. Groans guided them to the injured and they pulled them from the wreckage. If that wasn't possible it was sometimes necessary to stay with them and try, by word and touch to make the murderous sheets of metal seem less heavy and sharp.

There was one woman sitting with her son, whose legs had been broken. Her husband in agony was beside her. She kept crying, "Oh! Why don't they come? Why doesn't help come?" Pietro looked at her, the picture of desolation. "If you had the strength not to cry out," he said gently, "it would be better for your family and for everyone...."

A few people tried to avoid being involved by pretending not to hear, and were intent only on escape. The tragic reality of suffering is a sign of contradiction, like a watershed which sorts people out of the anonymous mass so each one becomes distinct. There are some who give without reserve and others who close their eyes so they won't see. It was a traumatic experience to be unable to help someone who is dying in your arms because someone else won't give you his belt or his shirt. Pietro was reaching the breaking point mentally, and near the end of his physical strength.

Meanwhile in the compartment Mariangela, who had overcome her fear and uncertainty, was managing somehow or other to help the injured. It was a miracle anyone was alive. Their compartment was immediately behind the one which was destroyed. All the windows and fittings were in fragments but everyone was safe. Some people had only sat down a few minutes before, or had only just left the compartment where the bomb was.

Images FOR words

"All of you, each in your own way, are the builders of a new world."

POPE PAUL VI - Populorum Progressio

William L. Kaufman

The cold December air poured in through the shattered windows with the smoke and the sound of cries. They realized they had no coats.

"Let's thank God we're alive, and pray for those who thought up this outrage and carried it out," said Mariangela, and she began to pray the Rosary. Everyone in the compartment, including the injured, joined in. One girl edged closer to her in the darkness trembling all over. "Don't be afraid. We are all together," she said putting the remaining scarf around her shoulders. "What a relief I found you," the girl replied. "You're just like a mother..." They continued praying quietly.

It seemed an interminable existence underground before the first helpers from outside arrived, two hours and forty minutes after the explosion. They drove up on a little orange railway truck normally used for maintaining the railway lines. "Who are you? Where have you come from?" they were asked

"We're volunteers."

"But it's taken so long..."

"You know what bureaucracy is like..."

Incredibly, they seemed like intruders. They were needed, but at the same time they seemed to be outside the atmosphere of solidarity which had been created in the bewildering hell where tragedy had made people act according to conscience and one spark of love was enough to kindle in people's hearts a heroism which was stronger than any plan to kill. □

D.D. Sahdev

In the light of the present moment

The following is the concluding segment of the biography of Rosa Pagan. Those who were with her during this period of her life recall her constant patience, love and concern for others. She lived even her last moments immersed in the present.

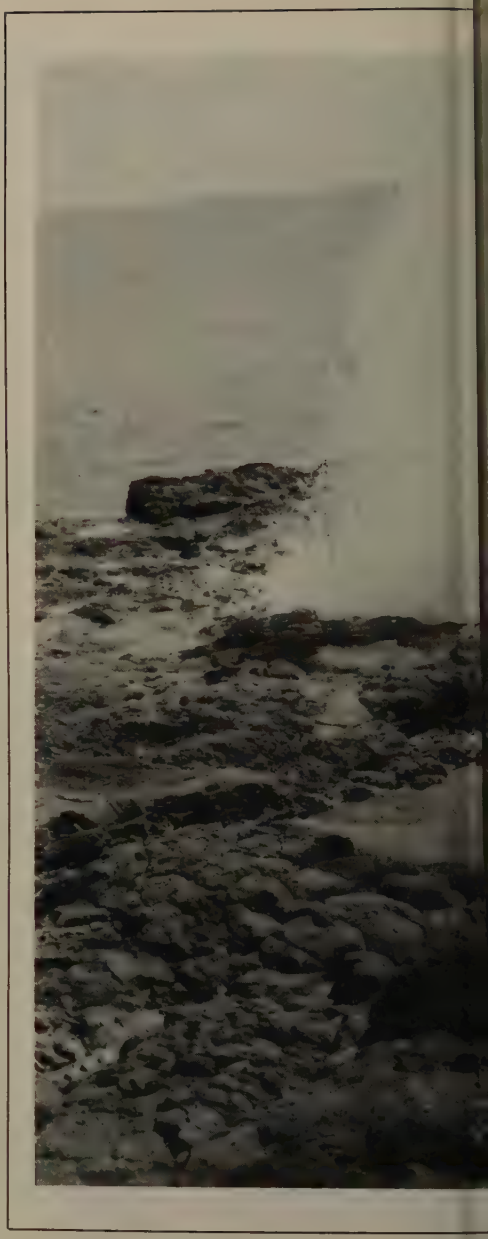
"I am ready..."

For some time now Rosa had been wanting to have a serious talk with her son Eddie. Not realizing the gravity of her condition he had been asking permission to go to Puerto Rico to visit his relatives there. Rosa hated to tell him no, and yet she felt at this point that she had to find the courage to talk to him and tell him how serious her condition was.

This is how she wrote about the conversation. *"Tonight I spoke with Eddie. It was hard. It pierced my heart. But I* had *to talk to him. I had to do it. I explained why it wasn't possible for him to go to Puerto Rico. I told him that I needed him here with me. I said, 'Right now, who is staying with me? You are. If you were not here I would be all alone, and I* shouldn't *be alone.' Then I told him the whole truth about my condition, except for the* name *of the illness.*

"He cried. He said that he didn't want to live without me, that he was scared. He had just taken a shower, and his hair was wet. He was in his bed, crying, and so I invited him to come to me. He lay down, and put his head on my bosom. I dried his hair, and talked to him from my heart. In between, there were moments of silence in which I talked to Jesus and Mary. And to Mary I said, 'He is yours, yours forever, forever, for the Work of Mary.'—

"He cried, but then he went to his bed and now he is sleeping. It is so great to be young. Youngsters really live the present moment and then forget everything. What a grace!



"Here I am, not sad, not crying, but certainly with no desire to sleep. And yet I want to live the present moment in him who is my Lord and my all. What remains to be done now? Only to live each present moment.

"Today I heard that my friend Ruth has died. It was a shock. Loretta and I had been planning to go to see her. And now she is gone! Two of my friends from Princeton have died in 1972. Alice and Ruth. Will I be the third? I am almost positive of it. I'm ready, Jesus. I've been ready for a long time. But let it be whenever you want. There's no hurry, although it seems that immediately would be for the best. However not my will but yours be done! I love you. I want to love you with all my heart, all my soul, and all my strength.

"Which will be my day, Lord? Have mercy! Find me ready, living in the present moment, embracing my crosses. Lord, your love and mercy for me and mine know no bounds. I am forever yours."

A few days later Rosa wrote to one of the focolarine: *"I received a telephone call from those at the Focolare. It was a beautiful and deep experience to feel their unity. Afterwards, I took refuge in my room as I often do after those moments that are so supernatural. While in there, I caught sight of my face in the mirror and was surprised to see that all the signs of my illness and suffering (which had been evident a few moments earlier) had vanished. You could only see joy.*

"I know that Jesus and Mary are always with me, but I need to be good and answer their love. I need so much help to acquire the strength for this and so many graces, special graces. I should write a few letters, answer my mail, but I don't feel like doing anything at all. I have to push myself to do even the littlest thing. I offer Jesus all these lapses and limitations, but truth remains: I must overcome everything out of love for him who has chosen me to live such a great Ideal."

Towards the end of June Rosa made this brief diary entry, the last one of which we have a record:

"A visit from the Focolare: It was a gift. And I see it as a sign from the Blessed Mother that everything will be all right.

"I am suffering a great deal. I need to transform everything into joy. I cannot offer God anything, unless it is done in joy and patience and love. Jesus, have mercy!"

And still another yes

Rosa entered the hospital for what would be the last time. Loretta recalls, "I witnessed her trust in God and abandonment to his will all along, but particularly during those last months. We went to the hospital together, and I remember that shortly after arriving, she said to me, 'I don't want to come, but I know that this is where Jesus Forsaken wants me to be.' I could see that once again she was saying, 'Not my will but yours, be done.'

"She told me, 'He loves me so much. He takes such good care of me. Let's put everything in the heart of Jesus. All that matters is to offer him everything...'

"Rosa never said anything," Loretta continues, "but I had the impression that at this point she was faced with another yes, and it must have been very hard. God gives us the instinct to live, and Rosa loved her life and her children, yet she said that yes, and said it with joy.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT MOMENT

In the light of the present moment
An intense desire
often dominates my will!
(Could it be the will of the Father!)

To transform into words
a whole rich world of hopes and dreams,
joys and anguish..

Days pass, and months go by:
endless months,
and not one word, not even one,
not one capable of concretizing
the ideas which pour forth, one after the other, dispersing
in the bottomless labyrinth of my being
where they are lost, vanish, and retreat
like waves
that will never return.

It is a reality so deep that it seems an emptiness,
an emptiness from which words cannot go forth
Only silence can speak at times,
the silence of months of anguish,
of anguish and shadows of death.

In the distance, I glimpse a light.
The splendor of a new day.
Finally
On the banks of my tumultuous sea
the Morning Star has risen... calm draws near.
Yes, and once more the words retreat,
but a light of life and hope
blazes
in the silence
of my spirit.

"Rosa's friends and relatives came to visit her at the hospital quite often. They arrived with the intention of cheering her up but what really happened was that she would cheer everyone up.

"The amazing thing about the last stage of her illness is that she was conscious all through it. Her patience, love, charity, and concern for others while she was dying was amazing. She tried to make herself one with everyone. I remember that while she was dying there was a man living here in Paterson who was having serious marital problems. She had known him for a long time and was very concerned about the outcome of that situation, about how he was going to manage. That man used to go to see her very often, and the one who enabled him to endure those problems with a sane outlook was Rosa."

The joy and life which surrounded Rosa attracted everyone. The doctors and nurses at the hospital where she spent the last days vied to treat her, even it was clear that no treatment could help any longer. One of her close friends recalls how the hospital regulations were "stretched" to accomodate her: "It was very unusual for a terminally ill person to be left in the hospital in Princeton. They are usually sent to the nursing home connected with the hospital, where they are under a different doctor's care. Yet Rosa remained in the hospital.

"The way she was allowed to have so many friends with her at all times of the day and night was surprising. She was the single occupant of a double room simply so that she could be cared for by her family and friends."

"Her doctor was a fine professional," she continues, "but he was noted, at times, for being rather cold and impersonal with his patients. One day shortly after Rosa had returned to the hospital, he remarked that she had no flowers. She replied that very few people knew yet that she was there. The next morning he arrived with a huge bunch of flowers from his own garden!"

And she went towards the next life singing

During Rosa's last weeks either a focolarina or a volunteer[2] from the Movement was with her twenty-four hours a day. This seemed to bring her peace and strength. As her ill- ►

ness progressed, it became easier for her to speak in Spanish than in English and so her friends in the Movement decided that it would be good to have someone by her side who could understand everything she said. This is how Hortensia Lopez, a focolarina originally from Cuba and now living in the United States, came to be with her in Princeton.

"I went there to be with her in the end of August," Hortensia recalls. "I remember that even though she was so very ill, Rosa was always concerned about me. She frequently asked me if I was getting enough rest, eating enough and so on. When I remained with her for long periods of time she would say, 'Why are you keeping such long hours?' "

"When I think of my experience with Rosa during her last weeks, one thing stands out in my mind. It is the supernatural rapport which existed between us, the great unity we had.

"The painkillers that she was given had an effect which lasted two or three hours. During that time she would sleep. Then, she would be conscious for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes until the pain became so severe that the nurse would have to give her another injection.

"During that time, Jesus in our midst[3] was so strong that it was an almost tangible reality. Every time we would renew our pact of unity, our desire to have Jesus present in our midst.

My Sorrow, My Heaven

Black like the night
was my sorrow.
But the night
turned into dawn,
shaking off
the dark dew drops
of its pain;
scattering
the dewdrops of my
suffering,
my morning-time tears.

Now everything is blue,
blue like heaven.
My weeping is turned
into joy,
a delectable joy,
which tastes
of eternity.

"Her health was deteriorating, yet the presence of Jesus in her was so strong that I could hardly notice it. Rather, I saw life in her increase as she drew closer to death.

"The presence of Jesus in our midst was an infinitely stronger reality than that of the hospital routine—the nurses coming and going, the injections, and so on. It made that room seem like a sacred place. Even the nurses loved to come and spend time there, even though she was probably more seriously ill than any of their other patients. They were aware that her final moment on earth was just days away."

Those who were with Rosa day and night agree that she was never heard to complain. "I never heard her say that she was disappointed or angry. Never," Jose recalls. "It just wasn't in her way of thinking."

Until the very end, whenever someone asked her, "How are you?" she answered in a faint voice, "Fine." And to her friends in the Movement she confided, "It's Jesus Forsaken."

"Even one week before she died I didn't realize how much she was suffering," Eddie says.

On the 5th of September Rosa's health began to deteriorate very rapidly. Her body could no longer take in any nourishment, and her agony began.

She repeatedly asked all those around her to pray for her.

At about this time she received a telegram from Chiara, who thanked Rosa for offering everything for unity and assured her that she would pray for her that Mary would be at the "door" to take her to paradise.

"As the end was approaching," Hortensia tells us, "I felt a great peace. Rosa was leaving us but I felt a great joy in my heart. Mary was with us and I began to sing to her softly:

The sun found a shadow
reflecting it
In Mary his words echoed
strong and loud
His light found a background
containing it
A silence of Love.

"Rosa, too, mouthed the words. And she went towards the next life, singing. □

1) The "Work of Mary" is the official name of the Focolare Movement. 2) See inside back cover. 3) Cf. Mt. 18:20.

What is the Focolare Movement?

THE BEGINNINGS

FOCOLARE means "hearth," "family fireside." What first strikes people when they come in contact with members of the Focolare, whether in small groups or in large gatherings, is the atmosphere of a family. It is a family formed by many different people in various walks of life. The Focolare Movement is also known as the "Work of Mary." Under this name it was approved by Pope John XXIII in 1962.

The Focolare Movement began in 1943 in Italy. In the midst of the terrible destruction of World War II, Chiara Lubich realized that God is the only one worth living for. As a result, she began to center her life on the Gospel, together with a small group of young women who followed her. Their ideal became one of striving toward the fulfillment of Jesus' last prayer to the Father: "May they all be one" (Jn.17:21).

The life of Chiara and her first companions, and the spiritual way they spontaneously followed, gave rise to the unique form of spirituality of the Focolare Movement, a spirituality of unity. It has proved to be a powerful means of introducing the Gospel into modern life, of going to God together.

WHO ARE THE FOCOLARINI

Single men and women live in separate communities called Focolare Centers. Their principal aim is to achieve unity among themselves through mutual charity practiced twenty-four hours a day. They follow the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience. They work as other laymen and women in regular jobs and professions.

Some married persons, even though continuing to live in their families, participate fully in the life of either the men's or women's Focolare Centers in their common effort to achieve this same unity. They are called "Married Focolarini" and form the backbone of a vast Movement within the Movement, called the New Family Movement.

THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE NEW HUMANITY MOVEMENT

The Volunteers, also called the "Volunteers of God," are a large group within the Focolare Movement; they would like to transform all human realities according to the Gospel spirit. The Volunteers are the backbone of the mass movement called New Humanity. The aim of this Movement is to help form a society made of men and women who are made "new" by the Gospel message and who can then bring new life to all fields of human activity (education, business, etc.). This results in new social relationships which, in turn, lead to the realization of new structures of society.

GEN

The new generations of the Focolare Movement form another Movement or, better, three movements: the Gen 2, the Gen 3 and the Gen 4 Movements, divided according to their various age groups. "Gen" stands for new generation. The Gen have committed themselves to living the Gospel message of love and to sharing with other youth the conviction they have that the Gospel is the answer to every question and the motive for everything they do.

THE MOVEMENT AMONG THE RELIGIOUS

Men and women religious — although they live according to their own rules and constitutions and are already a distinct part of the Church through their religious families — can also be associated with the Focolare.

Contact with the Movement helps them to focus their attention on the specific charism of their founders, and to see how it can be lived in the present time.

PRIESTS — PRIESTS' MOVEMENT —SEMINARIANS — PARISH MOVEMENT

Many diocesan priests are committed to living the spirituality of the Focolare Movement. Some of them live in community. They form the backbone of the Priests' Movement which is made up of priests who live the spirituality of unity.

FOCOLARE FAMILY

The largest group within the Focolare Movement is made up of men, women and young people who are connected with the Movement without having any formal ties with it. Their bond of unity stems from their acceptance of its spirit and their desire to live it.

ECUMENISM

The Movement not only crossed the political boundaries of more than 100 countries, it has also gone beyond the barriers erected for centuries between the various Christian Churches.

Ecumenical activities take place in the different parts of the world where the Movement exists.

In the past few years a promising, ongoing dialogue has been established with faithful of other religions.

SUMMER MARIAPOLIS

Summer meetings are held every year for those interested in the Movement and for those who wish to come into contact with it. For one week persons of all ages and walks of life are exposed to the spirituality of unity. Above all, they strive to practice it by creating among themselves a rapport that molds them into a community. It is intended to be a basic experience of such intense unity that the people will be able to bring it back into their own environments. And this is the most striking fruit of these conventions. They tend to be models of a world which lives according the Gospel.

PERMANENT MARIAPOLIS

The need to prolong the experience of the summer meetings brought about the birth of small cities called Permanent Mariapolis. They are made up of young men and women, as well as whole families, who are there for a designated period of time to be formed according to the Gospel spirit of unity.

They also attend classes in Sacred Scripture, Theology and Sociology and work for their own support.

MARIAPOLIS CENTERS

In addition to the Permanent Mariapolis, there are Mariapolis Centers, which are training centers for the members of the Movement.

FOCOLARE ADDRESSES IN NORTH AMERICA

CHICAGO:
P.O. Box 53426
Chicago, IL 60653

SAN ANTONIO:
P.O. Box 32302
San Antonio. TX 78216

NEW YORK:
P.O. Box 496
New York, NY 10021

BOSTON:
P.O. Box 239
Roslindale, MA 02131

WASHINGTON, DC:
P.O. Box 4958
Washington, DC 20008

LOS ANGELES
P.O. Box 71701
Los Angeles, CA 90071

TORONTO:
P.O. Box 302 — Stn.T
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6B 4A3

For subscription, please use the enclosed envelo

LIVING CITY
P.O. Box 126
JAMAICA, NEW YORK 11415

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 420
Long Island City, N.Y

8601
Graduate Theo. Union Library
Serials Dept. 2400 Ridge Rd
Berkeley CA 94709

PRINTED IN U.S.A.